

AN
ODE
IN DEPRECATION
OF AN
ODIOUS MEASURE.

ADDRESSED TO
A GREAT ASSEMBLY.

By TIM. PINDAR,
AN IRISH RELATION OF THE THEBAN BARD.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

DUBLIN:
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ODE,

&c. &c.

GREAT Sirs, who have by dint of gold been sent,
In part to represent our shackled nation,
Before the meeting of next P——t,
Consider well the duties of your station;
For lo! 'tis said, a question of some weight
Shall then the subject be of great debate.

What, tho' a generous people's awful voice
Buzz'd not the time your honours were appointed,
And that you were notoriously the choice
Of him, who leads and drives the Lord's anointed,
Your votes are still as nervous and as plump,
As any that e'er dignified the rump*.

A 2

Your

* The famous Rump P——t.

Your pardon, gentlemen, one-thousand times
 I crave, for talking thus of your Election—
 But oft' before, in humble prose and rhymes,
 Have I described you as a rare collection;
 And now my muse, to your august Communion,
 With all respect, would talk about the UNION.

Say, under Heaven, what can Ireland gain
 By joining stock with an embarrass'd trader,
 Who, night and day, must watch upon the Main,
 Lest French or Dutch, or Spaniards should invade
 her—

Whose people groan beneath their recent tax,
 Like Christmas beeves beneath the butcher's axe?

But this is wond'rous waste of time and words,
 A trespass too, upon your kind attentions,
 That with my purpose but as ill accords,
 As doth your honesty with *bribes* or *pensions*.
 Let's shift the scene, and canvass t' other side,
 I'll ask no advocate but Irish pride.

We'll first suppose the parties have agreed,
 'Gainst law and nature, on this horrid junction;
 Then each and every one of you are freed,
 But not, I hope, without your *extreme union*;
 Your Honors then will be no more than blanks,
 Tho' well entitled to your Country's thanks.

We

We then export full thirty noble Peers,
 With sev'nty Commoners, beyond the water—
 Who there remain, left poor Hibernia's tears
 Should tell their consciences Brittania bought her :
 Thus we encrease the list of absentees,
 And crawl to beggary upon our knees.

What men of spirit, or of lib'ral minds,
 Can brook in shame and poverty to wallow?
 They'll quit our shores, and then the next fair winds,
 May tempt great numbers of the Rich to follow :
 Thus Emigration may become the rage,
 And soon remind us of an old adage †.

What then may be the melancholy state
 Of sweet Eblana, now the pride of cities,
 To ruins gone, abandon'd to her fate,
 You'll join with me, and say, "'tis thousand
 pities,
 " That e'er her sons should o'er her ruins mourn,
 " Or feel their manly breasts with anguish torn."

That noble pile, where Science rears her head,
 Whose learned rulers are so wise and prudent,
 May dwindle to a lonesome, dreary shed,
 Without a Provost, Fellow, or a Student ;
 Her lands, of course, reverting to the ———,
 Which, by the bye, would be a pretty thing.

That

† Birds of a feather commonly flock together.

That costly Dome, where Justice beams around,
 And from her ministers receives new lustre,
 May then a fit convenient place be found,
 On rainy days, for Foreign Troops to muster;
 But this is trifling to a man of sense,
 Who thinks a Hessian's jargon Eloquence.

All these are trifles! all of little weight,
 Compared to what my hardihood shall mention;
 But pray, remember if the man of state
 Should issue orders for your bards detention,
 You all step forth like pugilists, and *srip*
 To wrest your poet from Oppression's grip.

I'm coming to the point,—pray shut the door!
 There runs abroad a false, malicious rumour,
 That some of you, tho' senators, are poor,
 And would for money gratify P—t's humour;
 If poor, you're honest, therefore I'll not b'lieve
 That from his MASTER you'd a bribe receive.

How be't, you know it has been somewhere said,
 “ 'Tis not sufficient for the wife of Cæsar
 “ To be right faithful to her husband's bed,
 “ She must be deem'd so,” otherwise he'd tease
 her.

Now, are you not exactly to the life,
 In like predicament with Cæsar's wife?

And

And who the devil, tell me, can suppose
 That you'll resign those honourable places,
 Which you acquired by compliments and bows,
 By guineas, dinners, and by granting leases?
 Zounds! tho' we're credulous, 'tis monstrous hard
 To think you'll do so without some reward.

Trust me, you Framers of our *wholesome laws*,
 'Twould grieve me sore to see your reputation
 To tatters torn by Slander's pointed claws,
 In every nook and corner of the nation;
 'Twould break my heart to see your fine hall-door
 Choak'd up with sighs and curses from the poor.

For shame! for shame! hold fast the sacred right,
 That still to our insulted Isle remains—
 Disdain the lure, nor with our foes unite,
 To bind us down in Adamantine chains:
 Consult your Journals—look to EIGHTY-TWO,
 'Twill bring a bright example to your view†.

To

† The Editor feels the whole of the following letter, which appeared in the Hibernian Journal of Friday the 18th January, Inst. so immediately applicable to this passage, that he judges it right to introduce it here by way of note.

“ I AM proud to confess that, since the desperate project of destroying the fabric of Irish Independence, by uniting our Parliament with that of Great Britain, has been avowed by the persons who administer the government of this country, I have felt an “ *horrible imagining*” of what may be the conduct of our Legislature upon this momentous subject; however, my fears have
 in

To give our country up to Britain's duns,
 Who bawl incessant for five-hundred millions,
 Would stain a council of our humblest sons,
 Nay, shame a meeting of half drunk postillions;
 The rich man's murmur, and the poor man's groan,
 Proclaim sufficient pressures of our own.

I need

in a great measure subsided; and if there be in human nature such a thing as a public character, not totally lost to every sense of honourable *consistency*, public virtue, or private reputation, I think I have discovered a sacred pledge, which must firmly bind most of the leading members of our present Houses of Parliament effectually to stand between our liberties, and those who would destroy them. I should be a selfish wretch, indeed, if I hesitated, even for a moment, to disclose to my countrymen this consolatory assurance of their rights. Without further preface, I shall beg leave to refer to the 20th volume of the Journals of the House of Commons of the Kingdom of Ireland, page 352, by which it appears that a message was delivered from the Duke of Portland (then Lord Lieutenant) to the Commons, which is as follows:

"I have it in command from his Majesty to inform this house, that his Majesty being concerned to find that *discontents* and *jealousies* are prevailing among his loyal subjects of this country, upon matters of great weight and importance, his Majesty recommends to this house to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to such a *final adjustment* as may give mutual satisfaction to his kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland."

Upon this message an address was unanimously voted to his Majesty, which I shall give you rather at length, as, in my opinion, it ought to be engraven in indelible characters on the hearts of Irishmen:

Resolved, "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, to return his Majesty the thanks of this house for his most gracious message to this house, signified by his Grace the Lord Lieutenant; to assure his Majesty of our unshaken attachment to his Majesty's person and government, and of our lively sense of his paternal care, in thus taking the lead, to administer con-
 tent

I need not tell you, at this time of day

The scurvy treatment we have met from Britain,
You know it well; and all her allies say,

That her connexion is the rock they split on:
On us she dared not press her fav'rite measure,
'Till fear and shame departed with her treasure.

B

Hear

"tent to his Majesty's subjects of Ireland;—that, thus encouraged by his Royal interposition, we shall beg leave, with all duty and affection, to lay before his Majesty the *causes* of our *discontents* and *jealousies*: to assure his Majesty, that his subjects of Ireland are a *FREE PEOPLE*;—that the Crown of Ireland is an Imperial Crown, inseparably connected to the Crown of Great Britain, on which connexion the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a *distinct* kingdom, with a Parliament of her *own*, the *sole* legislature thereof.—That there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, except the *King, Lords and Commons of Ireland*, nor any *other* Parliament which hath any authority or power, of any sort whatsoever, in this country, save only the *Parliament of Ireland*. To assure his Majesty, that we humbly conceive, that in this right the very *essence* of our *LIBERTIES* exists; a *RIGHT* which we, on the part of all the people of Ireland, do claim as their *BIRTH-RIGHT*, and which we cannot yield but with our *LIVES*."

I next call your attention to page 427 of the same book, where you will find, that in an address voted to the Lord Lieutenant, at the close of the session, the house in the strongest language, express "their satisfaction, that under his administration, the *sole* and *exclusive right* of legislation, external as well as internal, in the Irish Parliament, was firmly *asserted* on the part of Ireland, and unequivocally acknowledged on the part of Great Britain."

Such, my friends, was the unanimous conduct of our legislature, when *discontents* and *jealousies* prevailed throughout our land, and the happiest experience has proved, that by it those evils were remedied.

Hear

Her *ci devant*, her Continental friends,
 Modena's Duke, the Pope, the King of Naples,
 And all the rest, declare they'll have their ends,
 And pelt her well with eggs and rotten apples.
 The same expression fell from General Mack
 The very day before he—turn'd his back.

Despised

Hear now the language of our patriot King, delivered by his Viceroy to both Houses of Parliament on closing the session, (page 434.) "The great and constitutional advantages you have secured to your country, and the wise and magnanimous conduct of Great Britain, in contributing to the success of your steady and temperate exertions, call for my congratulations on the close of a session, which must ever reflect the *highest honour* on the *national character* of both kingdoms." *****
 "Your *claims* were directed by the *same* spirit that gave rise and stability to the *liberties* of Great Britain, and could not fail of success, as soon as the councils of that kingdom were influenced by the *avowed friends* of the constitution."———
 "Convince the people in your several districts, that both countries have *pledged* their *good faith* to each other, and that their best security will be an *inviolable adherence* to that compact."

Thus does it appear evident that all the branches of our legislature in the year 1782, were most decidedly of opinion, that asserting and maintaining the independence of this country, was the only way of removing *discontents* and *jealousies*.

In the year 1785, upon the introduction of a bill for regulating the commercial intercourse between this country and Great Britain, it was the opinion of many leading members, that the propositions contained in it, would, in effect, destroy that independence which we obtained in 1782. In order to shew to you how sacred the Parliament of *that* day, held our liberties, I shall cite the language of some members of *great authority*, in the famous debate, which took place on this bill; and in my front rank, I shall marshal an English Secretary, for the opinions to which he gives utterance are uniformly those of the Crown. Mr. Orde, speaking of some declaratory clauses in the bill,—says "the object of these clauses is to shew, upon record, that Parliament neither intend, nor have
 " it

Despised and hated every where abroad,
 Lost in the vortex of her wild ambition,
 She drops the mask, and boldly "*takes the road*"—
 The last resource to save her from perdition :
 To plunder prompted by the Dæmon P——t,
 He's fully arm'd to make us all submit.

B 2

Thus

" it in *their power* to relinquish the *smallest portion* of the *Nation's* "*legislative independence.*"—I trust that the present Secretary holds the same opinion.

I shall next beg your attention to the speech of a gentleman, whom no person ever charged with being inimical to the *connexion* between this country and England, (Mr. Monk Mason;) he endeavoured to shew that none of the stipulations could affect the supremacy of the Irish legislature.—" He desired the house to recollect, that they were not about to form an *indissoluble contract*, like the treaty of Union between England and Scotland; for, the moment the act of Union passed—the Parliament of Scotland was *annihilated*, or rather merged in that of Great Britain; and if the articles of Union had proved highly oppressive to the people of Scotland, they were left without resource, except what they should find in the *moderation* of the British Parliament, or the hazards of a *civil war*. The body of men to whom they would otherwise have applied for redress, no longer existed, their Parliament was NO MORE!"—Here let us read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

I doubt not but you will read with pleasure the animated declaration of a man, who is universally allowed to be a steady friend to Ireland, and who has been so fortunate as to enjoy the marked favour of government, without forfeiting the confidence of his country. (The Right Hon. John Foster, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.)—" I should think myself unworthy of a seat in this house, or the name of Irishman, if I could consent to barter an *atom* of the liberty of my country, for all the *commerce* in the *world.*"

Whether the *law* of our constitution has vested any power in our Parliament to part with their legislative authority, is a question on which

Thus a vile gamester, prone to every vice,
 At hazzard plays whilst money will enable;
 But, now reduced, attempts to cog the dice,
 Is seen, exposed, and banish'd from the table;
 Then, desp'rate, sallies forth, with empty fob,
 Determined, the first man he meets, to rob.

Perhaps

which the opinion of a great and honest lawyer must have considerable weight.—In that year (85) he was in the first practice at the bar; he is now one of the brightest ornaments of the bench.—Mr. Michael Smith, on the subject of suffering the Parliament of England to legislate for Ireland, though, through the medium of an *Irish* Parliament, says, “ And thus the representatives of the
 “ people of this country, the trustees of their rights, and the guar-
 “ dians of their liberties, are to become the *betrayers of both*, and
 “ the instruments of oppression to those whom it was their
 “ bounden duty to protect and defend.”

I shall now give you an extract from the speech of a gentleman who has since basked in the sunshine of the court, and whose elevation may in a great measure be attributed to the superiority of his political and commercial information.—(Mr. Isaac Corry, now a Privy Counsellor and Commissioner of the Revenue).—He thus expresses himself on the principle of foreign legislation;—“ The
 “ house has heard the hon. mover adopt that principle, and has
 “ had the forbearance not to give way to any expressions of *indig-*
 “ *nation*;—to your courtesy he is indebted for *that* passing unno-
 “ ticed, which deserves the name certainly of *temerity*, if not
 “ of *audacity*, the *attack* upon your *constitution*.”—And again he
 says, “ two nations *unequal* in *all things* cannot be *equally* affected
 “ by *one* and the *same law*,—no universal law can be best in all
 “ places,—since the two countries are unequal in all things, *one*
 “ and the same law equally applied, would be the very criterion
 “ of inequality in effect.”

He also gives a melancholy, yet faithful description of an Irish Parliament, stripped of *any* of its legislative powers:—

“ At home you will be despised, or you, Sir, (the Speaker)
 “ perhaps sent from the empty and absurd state of the foreman of
 “ a national Grand Jury, with that bauble on your table, to
 “ plead

Perhaps you'll think this simile severe,

And, in the warmth of your great good nature,
Give out, that Billy wants us but to share,

Or join our fortunes!—What a friendly creature!!!
But, let me tell you, if his bill you pass,
You'll find too late the serpent in the grass.

What!

“plead the cause of Ireland at the bar of those, now your equals, then your superiors;—a spectacle to gratify their ambition, and a sacrifice to their interests; disgraced abroad, and despised at home;—and that which should accompany you, as love, obedience, honour, troops of friends, you must not look to have, but in their stead *curses*.”

I shall conclude my gleanings on this subject, with referring you to an humble, but useful authority, Watson's *Almanack and Registry*, for the years 1782, 1785, and 1799—by comparing the lists of the members of your legislature in these years, one with the other, you will be able to determine how many of the *old* friends of Ireland are in the present Parliament.

Before I conclude, give me leave to ask you—To what do we owe the attainment of the solemn record of 1782? What was it that roused your representatives in 1785, to *conclude* themselves by the honest declarations of eternal truths? Was it not to the awful voice of a people, *determined to be free!* The men of Ireland spoke their wrongs—and they were redressed; I conjure you to remember this—and let this noble example awake you to a sense of your situation;—instruct your representatives before the meeting of Parliament—and forbid them to surrender in 1799, that independence which they solemnly guaranteed to you in 1782—If you do *not*—your enemies will hold your silence as a proof of your consent—and the *world* will say, that Irishmen, like the Cappadocians, preferred a state of slavery, to that of *freedom*.

AN ELECTOR.

What! are you nodding?—Then I'll take my leave;
Or, is it only depth of cogitation?
The great result of which may tend to save
The land we live in, and her population:
Yet, ere I go, permit my Muse to tell,
That Green with Orange answers very well.

Altho' the zealous Orange for a time
Beheld, with pride, the lively Green in durance,
The two shall now regret each other's crime,
And all that's wanting—is the *Grand Assurance*.
When this is given, you'll all remember me,
Who now predict that IRELAND SHALL BE
FREE.

F I N I S.



4405.c64,

1087 { Reports of the *Humanitary*
1786

Payne's letter under sentence
of death.

Harvardian subscribers.
Argo on Slavery.

The 10th tract has been taken out
and placed in P.P. 1087.

Handwritten signature or scribble, possibly reading "L. L. L." or similar, followed by a large flourish.

~~13. 7. 7. 4.~~
~~875~~ A 2

L E T T E R R

TO A

YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

“ COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR
“ AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL
“ GIVE YOU REST. TAKE MY YOKE
“ UPON YOU, AND LEARN OF ME, FOR
“ I AM MEEK AND LOWLY IN HEART;
“ AND YE SHALL FIND REST UNTO
“ YOUR SOULS.” MATT. xi. 28, 29.

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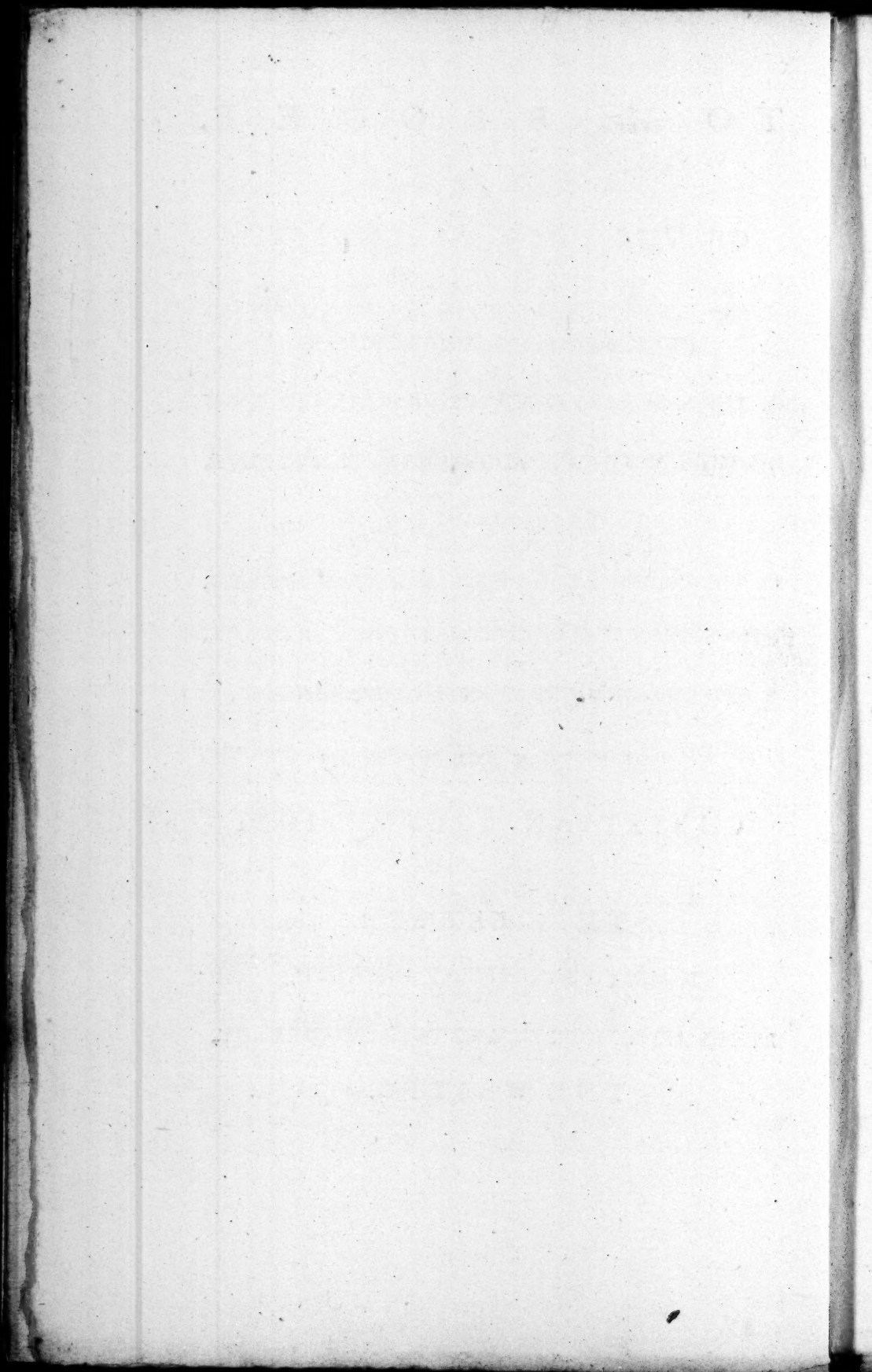
1896

1897

TO MR. B R O O K E,
A U T H O R
OF THE FOOL OF QUALITY;

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF THE SALUTARY INSTRUCTION RECEIVED FROM
HIS MOST INGENIOUS AND SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT,
TO DEMONSTRATE,
BY THE COMMON CONDITION OF HUMAN NATURE,
THE COMMON SENSIBILITIES OF THE HUMAN HEART,
AND THE COMMON EVENTS OF HUMAN LIFE,
THE NATURE AND POWER OF
CHRISTIAN REDEMPTION;

THIS LETTER
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY HIS AFFECTIONATE AND DEVOTED SERVANT,
THE WRITER.



A
L E T T E R
T O A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN

Under Sentence of Death.

DEAR SIR,

IN consequence of what I have lately heard,
I cannot help being deeply interested in all
you suffer from your situation; the most awful,
it must be confessed, in which a human creature
can be placed! and it is purely in the hope of be-
ing instrumental, tho' in the smallest degree, to
your consolation and support, that I have taken the
liberty to send you three books. Of the larger
one*, which is written with a spirit of devotion
surpassing all other human compositions, you may
possibly find many parts peculiarly suited to your
condition; particularly, in pages 28, 63, 68, 108,
110, 126, and from page 135 to the end of the
A 3 third

* OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST: in Three Books. A
New Translation from the Latin of THOMAS A KEMPIS, By
John Payne, Octavo, 1763. Printed for W. Nicoll.

third book : it will, at least, help to compose your thoughts ; and calm humble patient resignation, is the most desirable state for your soul, a soul that GOD loves as He loves His OWN SON. The design of all three indeed, and upon that account chiefly I have chosen them for you, is to turn us from all dependence upon books, and men, and all creatures, to that IN-EFFABLE POWER OF LIGHT AND LOVE, which can alone heal the broken and contrite heart, cleanse it from the impurity of sin, restore its lost holiness and peace, and raise it to an everlasting union with Himself.

Believe me, Dear Sir, you cannot better employ the fleeting moments of your precious time, than, in silent abstraction from all worldly and human cares and attachments, to enter deeply into your OWN HEART, with a desire to discover the evil that is in it : and if this is done in an abhorrence of evil, and with a willingness to be delivered from its dominion, tho' ever so small in their beginning ; you may depend upon it, that, as sure as you find the evil there, so sure you will there also find the POWER OF REDEMPTION from it. The books will assist you in this important work ; and, I hope, awaken you to a sense of something in yourself, infinitely superiour in degree to all that they contain.

The evil you will discover by such a rigorous introspection, is not peculiar to yourself, but common to man as man ; and the over-ruling providence of a REDEEMING GOD, who is continually making the crooked strait, and restoring
all

all that is fallen into darkness impurity and wrath, to LIGHT HOLINESS and PEACE, has various ways of bringing his creatures to a sense of that evil: blessed are they that know it, while they have THE FULL POWER OF THEIR WILL to turn from it! Now, if you feel the least tendency to think, that the method taken with you for this purpose, is most severe; check it by all means; and be persuaded, as much as you are persuaded of the reality of your own existence, that there was no other possible way to prepare you for receiving that REDEMPTION from evil, which was purchased for you before the foundations of the world. Let every repining thought of the condition you are in, be immediately suppressed, by an humble thankful affectionate acquiescence in the unsearchable yet most gracious disposals of GOD, your own infinitely loving and merciful GOD; and say, "O blessed GOD! shame only belongeth unto me; but, unto Thee, belong forgiveness and endless mercy! Thou knowest what is best for me; Thou canst strengthen me to go through all that I am to suffer; and let THY HOLY AND RIGHTEOUS WILL be done!"

Dear Sir, if this was the state of your mind, and through the power of that ONE SPIRIT OF GOODNESS from Whom all the good that is either in men or angels is immediately derived, I trust it will be; your condition would be, I should not say the object of envy, but surely of the desire and choice of every soul that is brought to itself: for who would not prefer an entrance into eternity, with such a renewed and invigorated will for the enjoyment of its blessedness, to the being awfully

fully driven into it by a delirium proceeding from a debauch, or by some accident in the vain pursuit of ambition, wealth, or pleasure? Nay, who that has but tasted of the LOVE OF GOD, would not rejoice to submit to the mode, provided it could be his own state of dying?

Instead of shrinking from the sight of your own evil, view it deeply and firmly: the more you see of it, the more you will abhor it; the more you abhor it, the more you will desire to be delivered from it; the more you desire to be delivered from it, the readier entrance will you give to your GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, who has "*stood continually at the door of your heart,*" waiting only for THIS DESIRE, "*that He might come in unto you, and make his abode with you for ever.*" JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, is not only a Person, but a Principle: in and by Him alone, is the power and manifestation of the WISDOM, the RIGHTEOUSNESS, the MERCY, the LIFE LIGHT and LOVE of the UNSEARCHABLE GOD, throughout universal nature. As the ONLY VITAL PRINCIPLE OF GOODNESS in all creatures, his REDEEMING POWER in fallen man, is first felt as the Discoverer and Reprover of sin: fear not, therefore, the discovery of the evil that is in you, nor the compunction and distress that will arise from the sense of it; for they are infallible proofs of the Holy Presence of JESUS CHRIST within you. Hear Him, reverence Him, submit to Him, as the Discoverer and Reprover of your sin; own his Presence and Power in the anguishing sensibility of your guilt: and then He that wounded, will heal; He that discovered your sin, will take it
it

it away ; and He that shewed your heart to be a den of thieves, will change it into an everlasting temple of FATHER SON AND HOLY GHOST.

All those were in such a state, to whom this UNIVERSAL REDEEMER, at the time of his Holy Process in a mortal body, addressed this invitation : “ *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* ” The same gracious invitation He now most ardently addresses to you. But you must come in a total despair of obtaining the least degree of deliverance and rest from yourself and all creatures, from all that is on earth or in Heaven, except the ONE BOUNDLESS AND INEXHAUSTIBLE MERCY OF GOD MANIFESTED IN JESUS CHRIST ; and there you cannot fail to find it. If that accumulation of trouble which rises in the soul of man, when he is brought to a full perception of the evil of his fallen life ; when all his vain dependencies are broken off ; when he dwells in the region of shame and sorrow ; when he walks through the valley of the shadow of death, groaning under the burthen of sin, and dreading the malignity of evil spirits ; as unable to deliver himself, as to create a new world — if that, as it certainly is, is the blackness and horror of darkness, it is as certain, that, “ *in this darkness* ” especially, THE LORD WILL BE OUR LIGHT : this is the distress that lies prostrate before THE THRONE OF MERCY, where distress cannot lie in vain ; this the despair, in which we “ *lose our own life, to find A NEW LIFE in GOD.* ” And in such a situation, which words have no power to describe, there is nothing for the sufferer to do, but in abstraction from all
created

created being, and in silent fixed attention to the Will of his Almighty Father, to resign his state and spirit wholly to his Merciful Disposal. For, in the utmost rage of this contention between Life and Death, CHRIST HIMSELF is present to support us thro' the conflict, and "*He will not suffer us to be tempted beyond what we are able to bear.*" "*He is THE LIGHT, that lighteth every soul that cometh into the world;*" THE LIGHT, that will dispel the most tremendous darkness that can cover us: and, in "*some watch of this awful night,*" we shall hear his Quickening Voice speaking to us, as He once spake to his affrighted disciples in the stormy sea of Gennesareth, "*Be of good cheer! It is I—be not afraid!*" "*I take pleasure,*" says the Blessed Paul, "*in infirmities, in necessities, in distresses, for CHRIST's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong: I glory in them, that THE POWER OF CHRIST may rest upon me!*" O Dear Sir, "*be not*" then "*afraid!*" Suffer not yourself one moment to doubt, but that "*HIS SUSTAINING AND RESTORING POWER will rest upon you!*" "*for,*" made one with Him by this holy faith and confidence, "*neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate you from THE LOVE OF GOD which is in CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD.*"

If I have written you a hasty and incoherent letter, I have written it in the fear of GOD, and from unfeigned regard for you. I have written it to persuade you, that GOD is ALL GOODNESS AND MERCY; that He is infinitely more present
to

to your soul, than your soul is to your body ; that He is infinitely desirous of re-uniting you to Himself ; and that, as soon as, by the stupendous power of **YOUR OWN WILL**, co-operating with **HIS REDEEMING SPIRIT**, you can turn from your fallen self and all creatures to Him, the adamantine wall of separation will be broken down, and you will find yourself everlastingly safe and blessed in the embraces of **INFINITE LOVE**.

I would visit you, if I thought I could do you any good ; and could trust my own feelings, which might betray me into weakness : I should then rob you of those inestimable moments, which cannot be so well employed, as in fervent communion with your **OWN HEART** and with **GOD**. It is your **OWN HEART**, that, in silent abstraction from all creatures, must do all for you that can be done by any creaturely medium. It is **THE FIRE OF YOUR OWN HEART**, sanctified by the **REDEEMING SPIRIT OF GOD**, which is ever willing and ready to descend upon and unite with it, that must kindle your prayer of humble contrition for sin, and of ardent faith in that **ALMIGHTY SAVIOUR** who can alone deliver you from its power : and this prayer needs not the instrumentality of words ; it is best delivered “ *in groanings that cannot be uttered.* ”

I know not how to take my leave of you ; but it must be done. Let me, however, recall to your remembrance The Case of the Thief upon the Cross. What could it be, but the deepest conviction of sin ; what, but the humblest contrition for it ; what, but the most ardent faith in the
the

the REDEEMING POWER OF THAT SAVIOUR, who hung in the same ignominious manner before his eyes, and for his sake; what, to use an earthly and poor comparison, but A WILL as implicitly and totally TURNED TO HIM, as the opening flower is turned to imbibe the invigorating rays of the sun; that was the ground of his dying prayer, and of this most gracious answer that was given to it—" *Verily I say unto thee, TO-DAY SHALT THOU* " BE WITH ME IN PARADISE!"

May the same blessed sound, from the same Divine Source, penetrate thro' all the recesses of your prepared heart, on the day of your deliverance from this region of sin and sorrow! In the mean time, may " THE SUSTAINING AND RESTORING POWER OF CHRIST REST UPON YOU," and fit you for an ENDLESS LIFE OF LIGHT AND LOVE, OF PEACE AND BLESSEDNESS!"

I am,

Tho' not made known to you,

Your most affectionate brother in CHRIST.

September, 1767.

* * * The person to whom this letter was addressed, left the world in humility, resignation, and peace.

P O S T-

P O S T S C R I P T.

To the READER.

TH E R E are *two ways* of embracing Christianity; the one is as a *sinner*, the other as a *scholar*: the former is the way taught by CHRIST and his apostles; the latter is *the invention of men*, fallen from THE SPIRIT AND TRUTH OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE under the power of *natural reason* and *verbal learning*: a change that has some likeness to that, which happened to the *good light* of the heathen world! the *original philosophers*, who *lived* what they said, were succeeded by a race of *sophists*, who had *no wisdom* of philosophy, but that of *descanting upon, disputing and writing about*, what the philosophers had taught. Now, the *two ways* abovementioned, are not to be considered, as only the one *better* than the other; but in such a difference, as *right and wrong, true and false*, bear to one another: for there is *no possibility* of *entering*, or taking *one progressive step* in Christianity, but as a *sinner*; it has *no errand*, but to the *sinner*; has *no relief*, but for *sin*; and nothing can receive it, but the heart wounded by, and wearied with the burthen of, *its own sin*. ALL THE GOSPEL is but a *foreign tale*, a *dead letter*; to the most *logically learned man* in the world, who does not *find and feel* in the depth of his soul, that *all the reasonableness and excellency* of Gospel Truth, lies in that fund of *sin, impurity, and corrupt tempers*, which is and must be *inseparable* from him, till IN CHRIST JESUS HE IS BORN AGAIN FROM ABOVE. Every other *confession* of the reasonableness and excellency

excellency of The Christian Religion, but that which *the conviction of sin and misery in the soul* makes of it, is but like *the praise of a by-stander*, who commends *something* in which he has *no concern*. And if Doctor Warburton (the present Bishop of Gloucester) in his *application* to The Deists, had pressed home this *affecting truth*, which stands at the door of *every man's heart*, and is the *only ground* of Christian Redemption; he had shewn a *better care and concern* for their souls, and had *done more* to awaken them out of their infidelity, than by all his *wit and satyr* in the dedication of his book to them. For like *begets* like; love and seriousness in the *speaker*, beget love and seriousness in the *hearer*; and he that has no *earnestness* towards unbelievers, but that of persuading them *not to lose their share* of THE LOVE AND MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST JESUS towards *fallen helpless man*, must and can only do it, in the *language and spirit* of THAT LOVE AND GOODNESS, in whose arms he *longs* to see them *embraced*.*

But as no man ever came to CHRIST, but because he was *weary and heavy laden* with the burthen of *his own natural disorders*, and wanted *rest* to his disturbed soul; so nothing can *help man* to find the *necessity* of coming to CHRIST, but that which helps him to *find and feel* a misery of *sin and corruption*, which, in some, the *cares and pleasures* of this life, and, in others, the happiness of believing themselves *wits and polite scholars*, never suffered them

* An example of *such an address* to Deists as is here recommended to his Lordship, the Reader may find both in Mr. LAW's *Appeal*, and in his *Demonstration of the gross and fundamental errors of The Plain Account of the Sacrament*.

them to feel before. OUR LORD'S PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON contains *the whole matter* between GOD and fallen man: it relates nothing *particular* to this or that person; but sets forth the strict truth of *every man's state* with regard to his Heavenly Father. Every son of Adam has every thing *in him*, that is said of *that prodigal*: he has *lost* his first state and condition, as he did; is *wandered* as far from his Heavenly Father and Country; has *abused* and *wasted* his Father's Blessings; and is that *very poor swineheard* craving husks in a *land of famine*, instead of living in the *Paradisiacal Glory* of his Father's Family. To *every reader* of that parable, it may be justly said, THOU art the man! And no son of Adam, *do what he will*, can possibly come out of the *poverty, shame, and misery* of his fallen state, till he finds, and feels, and confesses, from the bottom of his heart, *all that which* The PENITENT PRODIGAL *found, felt, and confessed*. MR. LAW'S CONFUTATION OF THE DIVINE LEGATION OF MOSES, p. 151—154.

F I N I S.

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Woe to them that are at ease in Sion; that stretch themselves
"upon their Couches, and eat the Lambs out of the Flock, and
"the Calves out of the Midst of the Stall; that drink Wine in
"Bowls, and anoint themselves with the Chief Ointments; but
"are NOT GRIEVED FOR THE AFFLICTION OF JOSEPH."
AMOS vi.

Quam vos facillime agitis; quam estis maxime
Potentes, dites, fortunati; —————
Tam maxime vos, æquo animo, æqua noscere
Oportet, si vos vultis perhiberi probos. TERENCE.

